"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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THE NEW YEAR.

JANUARY, our first month (so called from Janus, an ancient of Italy, who was deified after his death), is derived from the Latin word Januarius. Janus was reputed to preside over the gate of heaven; the name of the month is indicative of its being at the opening of the New Year. Janus was represented with two faces, looking in opposite directions; one cold, the other youthful, representing the old and the new era. He held a key in his hand, on which were the numbers 365, the number of days in a year, which he unlocked and presided over. The temple in Rome, erected to his memory, was quadrangular, having one door and three windows on each side. It stood upon the Janiculum Hill, and was always kept open in time of war. It was closed only three times during the lapse of seven hundred years. It was closed at the time of the birth of Christ, for then the whole world was at peace. Our Saxon ancestors called January *Wolf monat*, or Wolf-month, on account of the famished wolves which invaded their villages; they also styled it *Aeften Yala*, or After Christmas.

Prince, the peasant-poet, thus apostrophizes the initial month:

He cometh! the elder born child of the year,
With a turbulent voice and visage austere;
But his cold, callous hand, and his boreal breath
Prepare for new life the low relics of death;
A changeling in temper, but ever sublime,
Is this moody, mad offspring of stern winter time.

The advent of the New Year has been, from time immemorial, kept as a day of rejoicing. By the Greeks it was a solemn festival; by the Romans one of feasting and congratulation. Throughout Christendom it is kept as a holiday. Bells are rung at midnight to celebrate the exit of the old, and the advent of the New Year.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

The commencement of the year has, at different times, been assigned to the 25th of December, or Christmas-day, the 1st of January, or the day of Circumcision, and the 25th of March, or Easter-day, commemorative of the Resurrection.

Despite its icy breath and frigid aspect, rugged winter seems to be prophetic of a joyous new existence, as those who have become frosted with age appear, for the time, to have acquired a spirit of rejuvenescence. It forms a sort of resting-place in the progress of life's journey, from which we all persuade ourselves, however we may deprecate the past, that the future is gilded with Iris hopes of happiness. If the external aspect of Nature appears cheerless and chilly, the scene is but the more heightened by the contrast of the sunny smiles and generous hospitalities of the happy fireside of kindred and friends. There is something picturesque, as well as grateful, in this time-honoured custom of commemorating the nativity of the year by acts of beneficence and votive offerings to friendship.

Friendly interchange of visits, congratulations, and the presentation of gifts, seem to have been in vogue in every age. The ancient Druids were accustomed to cut the sacred misseltoe with a golden knife, in a forest dedicated to the gods, and to distribute its branches with much ceremony as New Year's gifts to the people. We wish our readers, one and all, a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

ANDREW LEE came home at evening from the shop where he had worked all day, tired and out of spirits; came home to his wife, who was also tired, and out of spirits.

"A smiling wife and a cheerful home —what a paradise it would be!" said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee, and sat down, with knitted brows, and a moody aspect.

Not a word was spoken by either. Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step.

"Come," she said, at last, with a side glance at her husband.

There was invitation in the word only, none in the voice of Mrs. Lee.

Andrew arose and went to the table. He was tempted to speak an angry word, but controlled himself, and kept silence. He could find no fault with the chop, nor the sweet home-made bread, nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inward man, if there had only been a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed that she did not eat.

"Are you not well, Mary?" The words were on his lips, but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellant, that he feared an irritating reply. And so, in moody silence, the twain sat together until Andrew had finished his supper. As he pushed his chair back, his wife arose, and commenced clearing off the table.

"This is purgatory!" said Lee to himself, as he commenced walking the floor of their little breakfast-room, with his hands thrust desperately away down into his trousers pockets, and his chin almost touching his breast.

After removing all the dishes, and taking them into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cover on the table, and placing a fresh trimmed lamp thereon, went out and shut the door after her, leaving her husband alone with his unpleasant feelings. He took a long deep breath, as she did so, paused in his walk, stood still for some moments, and then drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down by the table, opened the sheet, and commenced reading. Singularly enough the words upon which his eyes rested were, "Praise your wife." They rather tended to increase the disturbance of mind from which he was suffering.

"I should like to find some occasion for praising mine." How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-natured sentiment. But his eyes were on the page before him, and he read on.

"Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her."

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper, and muttered, "Oh, yes. That's all very well. Praise is cheap enough. But praise her for what? For being sullen, and making your home the most disagreeable place in the world?" His eye fell again to the paper.

"She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you, too.

It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence was written just for him, and just for the occasion. It was the complete answer to his question, "Praise her for what?" and he felt it also as a rebuke. He read no further, for thought came too busy, and in a new direction. Memory was convicting him of injustice towards his wife. She had always made his home as comfortable for him as hands could make it, and had he offered the light return of praise or commendation? Had he ever told her of the satisfaction he had known, or the comfort experienced? He was not able to recall the time or the occasion. As he thought thus, Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen, and taking her work-basket from a closet, placed it on the table, and sitting down, without speaking, began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands, and saw that it was the bosom of a shirt, which she was stitching neatly. He knew that it was for him that she was at work.

"Praise your wife." The words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them. But he was not ready for this yet. He still

felt moody and unforgiving. The expression of his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill-nature, and with ill-nature he had no patience. His eyes fell upon the newspaper that lay spread out before him, and he read the sentence:

"A kind, cheerful word, spoken in a gloomy home, is like the rift in a cloud that lets the sunshine through."

Lee struggled with himself a while longer. His own ill-nature had to be conquered first; his moody, accusing spirit had to be subdued. But he was coming right, and at last got right, as to will. Next came the question as to how he should begin. He thought of many things to say, yet feared to say them, lest his wife should meet his advances with a cold rebuff. At last, leaning towards her, and taking hold of the linen bosom upon which she was at work, he said, in a voice carefully modulated with kindness—

"You are doing that work very beautifully, Mary."

Mrs. Lee made no reply. But her husband did not fail to observe that she lost, almost instantly, that rigid erectness with which she had been sitting, nor that the motion of her needle had ceased.

"My shirts are better made, and whiter than those of any other man in our shop," said Lee, encouraged to go on.

"Are they?" Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight huskiness. She did not turn her face, but her husband saw that she leaned a little towards him. He had broken through the ice of reserve, and all was easy now. His hand was among the clouds, and a few feeble rays were already struggling through the rift it had made.

"Yes, Mary," he answered, softly; "and I've heard it said, more than once, what a good wife Andrew Lee must have."

Mrs. Lee turned her face toward her husband. There was a light in it, and light in her eye. But there was something in the expression of the countenance that a little puzzled him.

"Do you think so?" she asked, quite soberly.

"What a question!" ejaculated Andrew Lee, starting up and going around to the side of the table where his wife was sitting. "What a question, Mary!" he repeated, as he stood before her.

"Do you?" It was all she said.

"Yes, darling," was his warmly-spoken answer, and he stooped down and kissed her. "How strange that you should ask me such a question!"

"If you would only tell me so now and then, Andrew, it would do me good." And Mrs. Lee arose, and leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband, stood and wept.

What a strong light broke in upon the mind of Andrew Lee. He had never given to his faithful wife even the small reward of praise for all the loving interest she had manifested daily, until doubt of his love had entered her soul, and made the light around her thick darkness. No wonder that her face grew clouded, nor that what he considered moodiness and ill-nature took possession of her spirit.

"You are good and true, Mary. My own dear wife. I am proud of you—I love you—and my first desire is for your happiness. Oh, if I could always see your face in sunshine, my home would be the dearest place on earth."

"How precious to me are your words of love and praise, Andrew," said Mrs. Lee, smiling up through her tears into his face. "With them in my ears, my heart can never lie in shadow."

How easy had been the work for Andrew Lee. He had swept his hand across the cloudy horizon of his home, and now the bright sunshine was streaming down, and flooding that home with joy and beauty.

How to Hear the Gospel.—Rowland Hill, a few years before his death, paid a visit to an old friend, who said to him, "Mr. Hill, it is just sixty-five years since I first heard you preach, and I remember your text and a part of your sermon. You told us that some people were very squeamish about the delivery of different ministers who preached the same gospel. You said, 'Supposing you were attending to hear a will read where you expected a legacy to be left you, would you employ the time when it was reading in criticising the manner in which the lawyer read it? No, you would not; you would be giving all ear to hear if anything was left you, and how much it was. That is the way I would advise you to hear the gospel.'" This was excellent advice, and well worth remembering sixty-five years.

THE BEST IS THE TRUE.

BY REV. T. S. KING.

PROBABLY there is no question which people ask, at times, with more intensity and in more despair than this: "how shall we know what is true in regard to the great questions of life?" The appearance of the world and life, they say, depends wholly on moods of mind and feeling. They confess that sometimes, when they feel cheerful or reverent, or are in a spiritual frame, the religious Estimate and colouring of the world and of Experience seems natural and true. But when they relapse from that occasional state, the aspect changes. We become melancholy, they say, and then what a different hue things assume;—we are morose, or sceptical, or selfish, or we lose our Enthusiasm, and for the time it seems just as clear to us that there is nothing so great and grand in life as we believed in before. Where is the truth? What test, what standard of judgment, can we find which we ought to trust?

This is a great question; perhaps the most important of all questions. The answer we give to it is this: that the *best* estimate we can make of our evidence and our circumstances is the *truest* one. No more cogent reason can be offered in favour of one theory of the world, and man, and destiny, over another, than the calm and deliberate conviction that it is nobler, more inspiring, *better* than the other. Infidelity to our own nature is the most degrading and pernicious scepticism; for it is the root of all unbeliefs, misbeliefs, and disbeliefs. And we are sceptical in our own nature, if we will not trust its least suggestions, impulses, and indications. If we disown these, we virtually deny that we have any spiritual connection with God, or that he visits us; for if his life touches ours, and his spirit ever quickens our nature at all, it is certainly in our high moods, our noblest estimates, our most religious glimpses,—not in our ordinary and worldly states of feeling,—that he comes.

It may be that the force of the principle will be more clearly seen in some illustrations of it. With regard to *nature*, it is plain that there are several prominent estimates. First, the common conception of it as simply a place to breathe in and toil, and eat, and make money, and die. Surely nature is a glorious home for the body of man. Most men can understand the value of the sunshine when commended as the cheap illuminator of their shops and toil; they can comprehend the excellent provisions for ventilating the dome under which we live; they can acknowledge and admire the order and punctuality with which water, wheat, and corn are supplied. But beyond these utilitarian conceptions of the universe, few men pass. And yet there is another estimate of nature—such as Humboldt and Herschel make, when they see it related to the human *intellect;* or again such as the great artists make when they study and revel in its *beauty*. The men of science find the world a vast academy, where every fact stands as the symbol of a law—the heavens illustrating a sublime astronomy, and the earth telling the history and struggles, and final friendship of fire, earth, and sea, and everything offering itself as an educator of the mind.

Now this latter view is a more just estimate of the world exactly in the ratio that it is a *higher* one. The world was made for the human intellect and taste in higher senses than for the human body. The produce which Newton gathers from it into his brain, or Raffaele into his imagination, represents the intention of God in ordering the world more wisely and grandly than the crops which the sinews of the farmer wring out of the soil, and the mere board and protection which the sense-bound nature gets of its bounty and laws. It is more true, more comprehensively true, to say of the world that it is an *academy*, or a vast *art-gallery*, than to say that it is a *farm*.

But there is still another mood in which nature may be approached—the *religious* one—when all its facts and forces, from the tint of the daisy to the blaze of Sirius, speak of the goodness, the glory, and the presence of God. Nature becomes *a temple* then, and the mind catches the inspiration of the anthem that goes up from "the earth and all deeps, mountains and all hills,

stormy winds fulfilling the word, sun, and moon, and stars of light." There have been men such as Fenelon, Edwards, and Channing, that represent this mood, as distinctly as Humboldt represents the intellectual conception of nature, or as the common farmer represents the economical estimate. Almost all of us feel this mood steal over us at times; and the question we would ask, is whether it is not the *highest* mood of all. Is it not a worthier estimate of nature to connect its magnificence and beauty with the Creator's life, power, and goodness—to feel a religious emotion kindled by the calm light of constellations; to acknowledge the pencil of Providence in the shading of the flowers' beauty, to swell with adoration before the heaving sea, than it is to study them coolly as symbols of science, or to live among them as amid the common and Godless order of existence? If we confess that it is *a higher* mood, we answer the question as to its truth. Are we able to conceive anything concerning this converse which is too lofty and too inspiring to be *true* of it? If the thought ever comes to us, in some sparkling midnight, that God has ordained this wonderful creation as a *cathedral*, whose proportions the intellect may study, whose beauty the imagination may admire, but in which the *great* purpose is to feed the soul and sustain the sentiments of worship, shall we say that the feeling is too high and glorious to be correct? too far away from the temper of the market and the street to be fostered and deepened? Nay, because it is so high and glorious an estimate it must be the true one. It is simply Atheism to reject it, if it comes without recommendation. The skies mean more than our highest thoughts reflect; the sunshine represents more of the Divinity than our most exalted symbols express; the beauty of the Spring and Autumn breathes a richer religious eloquence than the most sensitive soul has ever yet detected and translated. We are away from the truth of things in our *low* moods, when nothing grand and sublime looks in upon us from the common facts among which we live. We rise into truth as we go up; we attain the most of it when the world looks to us as a temple; when our mood of reverence, wonder, and prayer responds to the perception that the spirit of God pervades his creation, and appeals through it to the soul.

We say, next, that the *best* view of *man* and *human life* is the true view. A more important principle than this cannot be stated—one which would do more good if it were thoroughly believed and trusted. Our estimates of human nature, of its powers and possibilities, fluctuate more, perhaps, than any other estimates we make in the whole sphere of religious truth. How easily we slip into routines that hide from us any great and inspiring view of man! How sorely, at times, we are tempted by passions that make us believe, for a season, we were made for a short career of pleasure! How often, when we see the meanness of others, or get some searching glimpse of our own imperfection, we are drawn to doubt whether human nature, so weak, so poor, almost so contemptible, was made for the great ends which religion whispers, and so, for a season, to discard the Biblical conception of humanity as unworthy of trust!

Yet there is no question that, when we do come up into a religious mood, and meditate upon life in the light of religious truth, we are satisfied, at the time, that is the *best* mood to be in. When we feel warmed and encouraged to do our duty; when we think of the trials of life as connected with a providential plan; when we feel the disposition of penitence and believe that God is near and ready to help and comfort us; when, in any exalted season, we think of eternity as the prospect for the soul's discipline and developement; we are satisfied that it is a *better* view of human nature than the irreligious one. Nobody will hesitate to say that the Christian estimate of the calls, privileges, and duties of man is better than the epicurean and selfish estimates. Why, then, should we doubt its truth? The spirit of God cannot tell us in any more solemn and convincing way that an idea, or a scheme is true than by the fact that, in our briefest moods, when our noblest faculties are awake, we acknowledge that it is the best idea, or scheme, that visits the mind.

If human nature should look low and

worthless in those seasons which we feel to be the calmest and most exalted; if then we should feel that it is just as well to be a miser, or a chaser of pleasure, or a careless slave of the world, as to try to be pure, and noble, and pious; —if, *then*, no great depth of power and possibility were discerned slumbering in the bosom, which the world does not call out, stimulate, or feed; if then money, and fashion, and delight, and the mean struggles for power and reputation seemed enough for such a being as man, there would be an argument against religion which no outward revelation could put down. For our best thoughts would be out of harmony with it; our highest moods would condemn it; and as often as men retired into silence and reflection, they would see that piety and worship were discordant with the truth of things.

But now it is the other way. Our best moods favour the Christian instruction concerning man. And not only so, but when we see a noble and consecrated person, a truly religious character, a spirit charitable, sweet tempered, loving, and reverent, we say this is the highest; this is what human nature was made for; here the powers of our humanity and the circumstances of life are set in their true relations, and are put to their highest use. Can there be any question, then, that the religious interpretation of life is correct? If we instinctively confess that those are the best representatives of human nature who are not avaricious, and sensual, and selfish, but who are philanthropic, self-sacrificing, and pious—Wesley, Arnold, Clarkson, and Ware, do we not pronounce most solemnly in favour of the truth of religion? Does human nature show the best under the guidance of a falsehood? Must not that which brings it out into symmetry, winning our veneration and heartiest love, be truth?—Let a man, with some knowledge of music, be called to examine, for the first time, a large and powerful organ, by a master builder, with its complicated mechanism, its piles of pipes, its swells and stops, its pedals and banks of keys. If he hears some careless or unskilled player throw his fingers loosely over it, or wake jarring discords, or make it send forth dull and uninspiring strains, or pipe out some trivial festive melody, he might indeed place a slight estimate upon its capacities, and think that its bulky insignificance was made for only such uses. But let the same man *once* hear a great performer set all its capacities to the sublime strain of a Haydn's anthem, or a Handel's chorus, or a gorgeous symphony of Beethoven; and as each octave comes into the service of the majestic theme, and his whole soul is flooded with the tide of religious emotions which all the parts of the musical leviathan conspire to send in surges through his heart—would not *that one hearing* be sufficient to convince him for what uses the instrument was made; and would not the recollection of that single exhibition of its capacities save him from any future scepticism as to its transcendent worth?

This is the way a piece of mechanism would be judged; and shall we be less wise in deciding upon the worth and purpose of the human soul? With regard to that fine organ shall we not see that the highest aim is the truest? that the noblest results it offers are those it was made for; and that not the trivial and ordinary spirits, but the great natures, through all whose faculties a Christian anthem of life has gone up to the Father, evinces the real measure, worth, and destiny of man?

UP AND BE DOING.

THE longer I live the more certain I am that the great difference between men, the great and insignificant, is energy, invincible determination, an honest purpose once fixed, and the victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talent, no circumstances, no opportunity, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.—*Goethe.*

Tom Slack lives over across the way,
In a cottage drear and old,
And there he grumbles and frets to-day,
Because it is windy and cold.
'Tis always too cold or too hot for him
To finish his daily work;
A whiffling fellow! this life-long whim
Has made him a shiftless shirk.

His once white cottage that looked so fair,
O'ershadowed by chestnut trees,
Now, mossy and grey, stands tottering there
In every passing breeze;

Its windows are broken, and gone the blinds,
And over the rickety door
No more the vine its long arms winds,
With its tempting fruit of yore.

Sure never was man so plagued as he,
For every beast he owns
Delights to roam o'er his broad lands, free,
In spite of clubs and stones;
His fences blow down, his walls get low,
He has never time to spare
To drive a nail or lay a row,
To keep them in good repair.

He never begins to plough in spring,
Till his neighbour's fields are sown,
And they are ready for harvesting
Before his corn is grown;
Then, while he is "putting his barn to rights,"
His roots in their native soil,
Jack Frost, on the chilly autumn nights,
Will claim as his lawful spoil.

His scythes are broken, his sickles lost,
His cart wheel needs a tire,—
His tools all over the yard are tossed,
While he dozes over the fire.
For want of a tack, a screw, or a strap,
Whatever he owns will run
To ruin, while he is taking his nap,
Or *thinking* of getting it done.

Oh, busy is his good wife, Jane,—
A thrifty and careful soul,
Who cheerfully strives, yet all in vain,
To keep things neat and whole;
And all their boys and girls are taught
To work out their daily tasks,
Till much of his toil by them is wrought,—
Though he never the meaning asks.

She often thinks of that sunny day,
With many a fearful thrill—
When he vowed, whatever might be life's way,
To cherish and cheer her still;
And she turns, with a blinding tear,
To the cloud that o'er them lowers—
To the poverty gathering round them here—
While her husband smokes and snores.

"It is all my luck," Tom says, with a sigh,
As the seasons come and go,
"My neighbours get rich, but poorer I,
For all that I reap and sow!
But Fortune, for long so shy and cool,
Will soon be here,—I'll wait."
Ah, me! if he does, I fear, poor fool,
When she comes he'll be too late!

Jump up! and *wait not for fairer days;*
I'm sure, if you don't, Tom Slack,
The wheel that Fortune keeps turning always
Will knock you off her track.
Your goods are going as fast as they can,
Your mind—what little you own—
Is nearly lost, and what's left of you, man,
If you don't step quick, is *gone!*

TRUE WORDS FROM ADAM BEDE.

He (the carpenter) had no theories about setting the world to rights; but he saw there was a great deal of damage done by building with unseasoned timber, by slovenly joiners' work, and by hasty contracts that could never be fulfilled without ruining somebody; and he resolved, for his part, to set his face against such doings.

A foreman, if he's got a conscience, and delights in his work, will do his business as well as if he was a partner. I wouldn't give a penny for a man who would drive a nail in slack because he don't get extra pay for it.

You must make it quite clear to your mind which you are most bent upon—popularity or usefulness—else you may happen to miss both.

These fellow-mortals, every one, must be accepted as they are; you can neither straighten their noses, nor brighten their wit, nor rectify their dispositions; and it is these people, among whom your life is passed, that it is needful you should tolerate, pity, and love; it is these more or less ugly, stupid, inconsistent people, whose moments of goodness you should be able to admire—for whom you should cherish all possible hopes, all possible patience.

I have seen many an excellent matron, who could never, in her best days, have been handsome, and yet she had a packet of yellow love-letters in a private drawer, and sweet children showered kisses on her sallow cheeks. Yes! thank God, human feeling is like the almighty rivers that bless the earth; it does not wait for beauty—it flows with resistless force, and brings beauty with it.

I've seen pretty clear, ever since I was a young un, as religion's something else besides notions. It isn't notions sets people doing the right thing—it's feelings.

Mr. Irving was like a good meal o' victual—you were the better for him without thinking on it; and Mr. Ryle was a dose o' physic—he griped you and worreted you, and after all he left you much the same.

WHAT MUST BE DONE?

WHAT must be done? DONE! that word has the right sound in our ears, and that is the word which is now reverberating through our churches. Let us repeat these words again, for they are not, in our case, the words of despair; the light is breaking over the fields of labour, the fields are covered with corn, the harvest is ripe for labour; we see our principles are destined to become the sentiments of the whole Christian Church; look which way we will the great currents of religious thought and conviction flow in this direction; all our teachers, preachers, and patrons feel the second reformation is begun, and our Church will be a great church, into which all churches will flow, and all feel that now they should *do* something in this tabernacle of divine truth; and the watchword of life and earnestness is passing around—"*What must be done?*"

Again and again in open parley with the opponents of our views have we proved that our faith is in harmony with the best desires of the human heart, until they have cried out it was too good news to be true. But we have appealed to the Scriptures, and proved it was in harmony with the attributes of God, the clearly revealed will of Him who ruleth over all, and the mission of Christ. Our faith is not of the night, nor of the darkness, but a child of the day. Inquiry is one of the chief aids of its advancement, and the progress of knowledge is ever favourable to our doctrines. It is a religion not of *fear*, but of *love;* the whole free heart and loving soul of Christendom is flowing this way. It is the only sure antidote to infidelity. Doubters have become firm believers, and deniers of Christianity have been attracted, and become humble, faithful, zealous Christian worshippers through its influence. The reformatory tendency of our faith commends itself to all. It can unite man to man, it can go down to the lowest nature, for the sake of what nature is, and raise it up to the angelic and divine. All hurtful tyrannies, over soul or body, it will put away. All wrongs, barbarisms, laws, habit and hateful institutions it will search out and destroy. It has One God and Father; one brotherhood—its members helpers one of another; one life of the hopeful, the morally fruitful in goodness; one hope for the race here, and one hope for humanity for ever. These blessings we all feel cluster around its sacred principles: nor can we wonder—we all begin to feel moved with the sentiment—what must be done to give it still greater impulse, and make it prevail over all the earth.?

(1.) Our churches seem to be making up their minds to have a faithful outspoken ministry. A Christian ministry, who are not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, in its ancient power and simplicity. A positive ministry, feeling they have the doctrine of God to declare. An earnest ministry, feeling they know what they say, and believe what they preach; and that can render a plain good reason for the hope that is in them. A ministry with a tangible theology, not lost in metaphysics and indefiniteness, but who preach what man can understand and apply. A ministry, like the first ministry of the Christian Church, bold and positive. Those who stood foremost in it could say, "Seeing therefore we have this ministry, we faint not, but have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness nor handling the word of God deceitfully, but by *manifestation of the truth* commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God." To do justice to the great principles on which we are all agreed we need such a ministry, and our churches will have, will demand such a ministry, with a *doctrinal definiteness* and a *practical application* that will enlighten every mind and purify every heart.

(2.) What must be done? Our Sabbath-school teachers can do good service. In the Sabbath hours let us teach our children to be religious, let us make *them* understand what are the leading doctrines of Christianity. Many of these children can both read and write well. Why keep them reading and writing, when such is the case? Do not let us fear any longer to make them theologians. Give them largeness of heart by our words and example, and a love of free inquiry as well, while we

give them certain and positive views of Christian faith, and then they will neither be bigots nor fools, driven about with every wind of doctrine. Our children must be taught—taught religion in our schools. This we must do, it is our work, and it must be done.

(3.) The claims of this Christian fidelity to teach the true and live the good come home to every family. Christian *truth* and *duty* should be subjects of conversation in the home. It is the most powerful instruction that which is commenced in early youth, and grows with our years, and strengthens with our strength. Thus faithfully and assiduously should Christian instruction begin at home, and thus would every family among us contribute its share of Gospel ministry, and give vitality and strength to the Church, and aid in clearing away the sin and superstition of the world. This must be done.

Done! we must all do something. We must not simply say, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do;" but we must rise, fold up our sleeves, and do something worthy of our age, and position, and opportunities. We must not simply rise in our business meetings, and say, "I beg leave to move." We must move, we must sow the seed of divine truth where it is wanted. All our *resolutions*, and *motions*, and *declarations* in minute books, however good they may be, will never save the world, will never give triumph to the cause we love. Like the first apostles, let our lives be written in ACTS. Never was an age so pregnant with action, and therefore *so* mighty in results. The world has told us it will believe in us when we *do* something worthy of our faith. Our fathers *did* their work, we must do ours. If we can all pray "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;" so we can all work that will. Yes, in the active busy life of the field or mart, we can be doers of God's will. Our work must correspond with our prayer. A Christian's work is not a mere rapture of sentimental devotion; hands and feet, as well as head and heart, can be sanctified in Christian service. Religious emotions and sentimentalisms alone will never bring the world salvation. We must have diligence and constancy. Some one has well said, "A devoutness, resulting in no diligence and labour, is like the planting of a house which is never built, the daily purposing of a journey which is never begun." Daily diligence and care, as connected with Christian profession, is one of the chief needs of the present. Every member of our Churches must determine to adorn our faith by every day life. In his neighbourhood let his life be a standing argument and an everlasting proof by faithfulness to all his duties in the Church, at home, and in commerce, that our views may be shown worthy of universal acceptation. We want lay-preachers; but preaching, not in words only, but in deeds, which are most lasting in their effects. Not the minister in the pulpit only, but the ministers who wait on the ministry, as they abound in the *work* of the Lord will our faith have free course, run, and be glorified. Let all our brethren be *preachers, sound preachers.* The laity have a work to do, and it can be done in hundreds of homes by words and deeds. By God's help let us all join hands this year, and let it be a year of deeds, let disputation on all irrelevant topics give place to honest labour, and we will find a better bond of union than we have ever known before. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth thee to do, do it with thy might." "Let us be doers of the word." "He that doeth the will of my Father is my disciple."

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

To lay the foundation for a long life, both body and mind must practise industrious activities. The hod carrier works the body hard, the brain almost none; the power of one is used up, that of the other is not used at all, and he dies of some speedy fatal disease. The mere student exhausts the brain; the body is not worked at all, and he too dies early, with some acute malady. The farmer works his body hard; is in the open air all the time; eats plain food; retires early; rises with the sun; indulges in no irregular habits; but his mind, beyond a certain routine, which soon be-

comes mechanical, as to prices, crops, and weather, has no waking up activities, and he too dies before his time, or vegetates in an asylum.

But the hunter, without the advantages of the regularity, and abundance, and comfort of a farmer's home, in spite of sleeping on the ground, and going whole days without food; in spite of winter's snows and summer's suns, and the cold, raw rains of Spring and Fall, lives to the utmost verge of man's allotted time. And why? His bodily activities are steady, but they are moderate in the main, while the almost incessant look-out for game, and the multitudes of devices necessary to out-manœuvre the instincts of the animal creation, keep his wits alive, and they all become as keen and agile as his own restless and piercing eye. The agencies of long life to the nobility of Great Britain are their love of travel and hunting, and the saddle in earlier years.

As to great scholars and thinkers, such as Newton, of a past age, and Humboldt of the present, their love for study so took away their love of eating, that it was nearer a mechanical necessity than an animal delight; so they ate but little, and in such proportion had less need for exercise; while it is a physiological law, that mental labour increases our hold on life by its developing, enlarging (as all physicalities enlarge by exercise) the capacities of the brain.

Up to forty-five, the bodily constitution is knit, is built up, is consolidated by wise labours, if the mind also is kept in the exercise of healthful activities. The same hard labour after forty-five, so far from building up, destroys; but while that is the case, mental toil builds up the body, its effect is to increase the capability of living. Hence a man who works his body pretty hard and his mind rather more moderately up to forty-five, has done most toward securing a lasting constitution; and if then he begins to work the body less and the mind more, he adds to that lastingness, and bids fairest to live to eighty or an hundred years. This article merits the mature reflection of every reader, for it is true, literally, that "out of it are the issues of life."—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

STEATZOON,

THE BENEVOLENCE OF CREATION.

THANK God! Manicheeism, or the way of reading creation, with its lights and shades, its pains and pleasures, its rewards and punishments, as governed by a *good* Spirit and an *evil* one, is fast disappearing. We hope it will soon be rooted out of every heart, and the whole kingdoms of this universal frame of nature will be read with the philosophic perception of a Pauline mind—"All things work together for good;" and with the devoutness and joy of a David's heart—"God's tender mercies are over all his works." Glorious worlds of light, and landscapes covered with beauty, and the form and gracefulness of animal creation have long impressed mankind with such thoughts; but now philosophy is going down into the lowest forms of apparently hurtful insect life, and pointing out how all are designed in benevolence. We recently referred our readers to the remarks of a writer on the Mosquito as the indicator, in certain regions of malarial atmosphere, warning man of danger. We now extract a few words from another writer on the benevolent design of a little skin worm, he calls *Steatzoon*. "Now, as in the majority of mankind, and certainly in all the inhabitants of large towns, the skin is more or less torpid in its functions, so the presence of this animal in the skin is the rule—its absence the exception. I see no other conclusion open than to assume that it performs some beneficent purpose in the economy of the skin; that purpose being, according to my belief, the clearing of the over distended cells. In corroboration of this, these little creatures increase in number when the vital powers decline: and when the skin alone is unable to fulfil its functions correctly, these little beings are produced to aid it in its work." So, we may repeat, there is abundant proof in the very pain-giving race of animals, and in the pain-giving laws of God, that those very laws and animals, we are assured, by the constant result of a closer inquiry into their uses, are among the most striking examples, of God's benificent care for his creatures temporal happiness.

AN EXPLANATION.

"The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God."—Psalm ix. 17.

It is said by the learned that the second line in a distich of Hebrew poetry is but a repetition or amplification of the idea expressed in the first line. If this be true, then "the wicked," and "all the nations," mentioned in this couplet, are the same.

The Hebrew word *sheol*, here rendered hell, occurs in sixty-four places in the Hebrew Old Testament, and is rendered grave in about one-half the places where it occurs, pit two or three times, and hell in about thirty places. It is agreed on all hands, by the learned, that *sheol* meant the grave, the state of the dead, the under world—the place where all go at death. Jacob said he should go down to *sheol*—and you will bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to *sheol*. Job prayed the Lord to hide him in *sheol*, until his wrath be past.

Dr. Campbell has well expressed the idea that both *sheol* in the Hebrew, and *hades* in the Greek, simply denote in the Bible the *state of the dead*, without regard to their character, whether good or bad, or their situation, whether happy or miserable. In this idea all commentators and learned men are much agreed.

Then what is here meant by "the wicked and the nations that forget God" being forced, or thrust into *sheol?* Evidently, that they shall be destroyed from the earth by the temporal judgments of God.

This view of the meaning of the text is also confirmed by the context. The writer says; "Thou hast rebuked the heathen, thou hast destroyed the wicked, thou hast put out their name, for ever and ever—He hath prepared his throne for Judgment—He shall judge the world in righteousness—He shall minister judgment to the people in righteousness. When He maketh inquisition for blood, he remembereth them—He forgetteth not the cry of the humble. The heathen are sunk down in the pit that they made—in the net which they hid is their own foot taken. The Lord is known by the Judgment he executeth—the wicked is snared in the works of his own hands." "The wicked shall be turned into hell." In verses 19, 20, read, "Arise, O Lord, let not man prevail—let the heathen be judged in thy sight. Put them in fear, O Lord, that the nations may know themselves to be but men."

The orthodox President Allen, says, "the punishment here threatened does not seem, with certainty, to mean anything more than cutting off from the earth by some temporal judgment, and consigning them to the state of the dead, in their deep abode." We quote from memory. Dr. Whitby says, "Sheol, throughout the Old Testament, is not a place of punishment for the souls of bad men only, but the grave or place of death."

These are sound orthodox authorities, thorough believers in endless punishment, but honest enough to admit a truth which no man ought to deny. With these agree Dr. Campbell of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland.

The plain meaning of the Psalmist in this passage is, that the wicked, and especially wicked nations of men, are prematurely destroyed from the earth by their course of folly and crimes. This is a general rule or law of the divine government." "Bloody and deceitful men do not live out half their days."

It is possible that the word *sheol* is sometimes used in the Old Testament, figuratively, to denote seasons of darkness and distress; as when David says, "The pains of sheol gat hold upon me," *i.e.*, death pains, or such pains as lead to the grave. Again, "Great is thy mercy toward me, O Lord, because thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest sheol." But it seems reasonable to us that sheol should mean literal death or the grave, the state of the dead, or the under world, even in these places.

The wicked nations of the earth—the Hebrews or Jews, Tyre and Sidon, Thebes and Babylon, Greece and Rome, have all been destroyed—have gone down to destruction—to the state of the dead.

Sin forces individuals down to a premature grave. It shortens human life, and hurries men into the grave.

Let us all take warning therefore, and repent of our sins—strive to "cease to do evil, and learn to do well." "Length of days," and good are promised to those who obey the law of the Lord.

WHAT A HINDOO THOUGHT.

[We are most happy to inform our readers we have had several letters, pamphlets, papers, etc., from our Unitarian Missionary, Mr. DALL, of Calcutta. He speaks most cheeringly of the prospects of pure Gospel truth in that large country.—ED. *C. F.*]

A WRITER in the *Christian Inquirer* says, it was in the Spring of 1856, on the occasion of a native religious festival, which attracts, from far and near, to the larger towns, the dark-skinned populace, arrayed in their most expensive and glittering finery. The scene and idolatrous observances are so thoroughly Pagan, and characteristic of the superstition of the country, that foreigners make a point of being present on the occasion. It was in the neighbourhood of Calcutta that the writer, with some English friends, witnessed the extravaganza. With almost incredulous eyes he saw thousands of the native population paying their ridiculous rites to the idol of the occasion; and for upwards of an hour watched the stream of women, as they thronged the temple, eager to touch the polished stone of *Siva*, from which they expected, and believed, they should receive miraculous, spiritual, and physical good.

Near the little group of foreigners stood—alone, and strikingly isolated from his native countrymen—a tall, well developed, and rather handsome featured Hindoo, gazing upon the active scene before him, but participating not; while the mingled expression of seeming pity and scorn, which marked the dark features of this man, awakened in those, who observed him, no little curiosity to know who he was, and why he maintained so anomalous a position.

The writer determined to address him; first, under the impression that he was some educated *attache* in the East India Company's service, who spoke English, and possibly a convert to Christianity, and, if so, to learn his views upon the *morale* of the festivities and ceremonies of the occasion. These presumptions were both correct, and the interview was satisfactory and interesting. Something like the following conversation took place, which, of course, is much condensed and imperfect, at this remoteness from the period named; but it will suffice to show the purport of the interview. After a few introductory phrases, I said:

"What are those women, crowding up there, trying to do?"

Hindoo.—"Oh, they try and touch that stone—they think that make them very good."

Stranger.—"And will it do them good?"

H.—"Oh, no; they very foolish—they don't know any better."

S.—"Then *you* know better?"

H.—"Oh, yes: I before, long time, think all the same they; but now I know better."

S.—"What is your religion then?"

H.—"My religion just the same as yours, I suppose; only you think, like all Englishmen, have got three gods—I think, *only have got one God.*"

S.—"Do Englishmen think so?"

H.—"You know; you one Englishman."

S.—"No; I am an American."

H.—"Oh, well all the same."

S.—"But I do not believe in three gods—I believe in one God."

H.—"Then you no believe in Jesus Christ?"

S.—"On the contrary, my friend, I believe in and love him as the Son of God, and the Saviour of the world, and who came on earth as man's best friend, to tell us all about God, his Father, and show us the way to his Father, and to our Father—his God, and our God."

H.—"Then you no think he all the same as God?"

S.—"Not God himself, because there is but one God; but Jesus Christ was his Son, who was 'sent by a greater than he.' These are his own words."

H.—"Oh, I know that—I know the Bible, for I long time have study that, and what you say is just what I believe; but, when you first speak, I think you all the same that English Christian. So much English Christian in Calcutta think God and Jesus Christ all the same, no different."

S.—"You mean to say that you are a 'Unitarian,' while the majority of English Christians in Calcutta are 'Episcopalians,' or 'Trinitarians.'"

H.—"I s'spose so—I don't know—only they try very hard show me that Jesus Christ all the same as God, and that I no believe; no can believe that."

S.—"But were you not educated by the English, and taught to believe so? How happens it that you do not think as they think?"

H.—"I learn English, then I read the Bible—all about God and Jesus Christ, and I believe that all true, and I believe all other religion very bad. All this (pointing to the Pagan rites) I think all nonsense."

S.—"True; but when you studied the Bible, and learned all about the true God, and the blessed Saviour, how came you to think that they were not one and the same, as your English schoolmaster told you?"

H.—"I don't know—only I suppose, *I think for myself.* Suppose he think for me then I think all the same as he."

S.—"But did you not go to St. John's Church (the Episcopal Church of Calcutta) after you learned English?"

H—"Yes; I go there, but I no believe that three God story. I never can believe that. So I go now to M. SAHIB DALL'S Church. That all very plain, all true, same as Bible story."

S.—"But did not the English Schoolmaster tell you that the Bible says, that Christ and God are the same?"

H.—"Oh, yes; he say so, and plenty Hindoo think so. Only I no find that myself in the Bible, and I no believe."

S.—"What do you believe?"

H.—"I believe God my father, your father, all the world's father, Jesus Christ's father. He (God) everything—we all the same as little

child. Suppose I truly good Christian, I see him when I die."

S.—"Then who was Jesus Christ?"

H.—"Oh, he next to God, all the same as child of God, and come to the world and suffer very much and die for all sinner; then he go back to God—only he no all the same as God. He say himself he no all the same—he can't do anything if God no help him, if God no send him."

S.—"Then you think there is '*but* one God, and Jesus Christ was his Son, and sent by him to save the world from sin?'"

H.—"Yes; that's what I believe, and every man think so, suppose he study the Bible and think for himself; but that Englishman no think so. Very strange that Englishman no think so, when the Bible says so."

S.—"But then the English are very good Christians, are they not?"

H.—"O, very good. Suppose any man believe in God—he very good. Only very curious he believe in three Gods, when Bible story says no such thing."

S.—"Well, you and I believe the same, and I think any one would draw the same conclusions, if, like you, they for the first time read their Bible as a new and unread book before, and free from the influences of other minds, and of early education, studied the truth for themselves."

H.—"Yes; that very true—that why I believe why I tell you—because I no let other man think for me. *I think for myself what Bible story means.*"

This dialogue, Mr. Editor, may serve, if nothing more, at least to show evidence of one point of strong reliance among Unitarians, viz., that the pure, simple context of the Scripture to fresh unprejudiced minds, conveys no mystery, or marvellous, inscrutable, double-nature doctrines, but a plain statement of the nature of God, and of the distinct, derived, and subordinate nature of Jesus Christ the Son.

It would be a curious—would it not also be a valuable?—experiment to gather together, apart from all extraneous circumstances of creeds and men's opinions, a small body of uneducated men—be they Chinese, or Negro slaves, or Indians, or Hindoos, matters not so that they might be educated simply (at first) to read and understand the meaning of words; this accomplished, give them, separately and apart, the New Testament to study out for themselves—they knowing no doctrines, or points of faith, from any human being. Then from these freshly opened minds gather the unadulterated belief, or reasonable inferences, which each have drawn from the perusal of the Scriptures.

Could such an experiment be fairly tried, I believe that the result would be the clearly defined Unity of God impressed upon each of their minds, and like the simple, yet intelligent Hindoo of Calcutta, who read and thought for himself, in spite of the influences brought to divert his judgment, they would see the truth—not darkly, but face to face.

A LADY.

We have noticed that some young ladies are never found engaged in domestic labour. Call at their homes at any time of day, and you do not find them performing house-work. We infer that they seldom or never attend to domestic labours, or else that they suddenly quit the kitchen when the door-bell rings, lest they should be caught with a broom or rolling-pin in their hands. It is well known that many young ladies detain visitors a half-hour in the parlour before they emerge from their chambers, arrayed like Paris dolls. No person out of the families ever saw them in a kitchen garb. The principal reason is, they think it is not lady-like.

A friend of ours, remarkable for his strong, good sense, married a very accomplished and fashionable young lady, attracted more by her beauty and accomplishments than by anything else. In this it must be owned that his strong good sense did not seem very apparent. His wife, however, proved to be a very excellent companion, and was deeply attached to him, though she still loved company, and spent more time abroad than he exactly approved. But as his income was good, and his house furnished with a good supply of domestics, he was not aware of any abridgment of comfort on this account, and he therefore made no objection to it.

One day, some few months after his marriage, our friend, on coming home to dinner, saw no appearance of his usual meal, but found his wife in great trouble instead.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Nancy went off at ten o'clock this morning," replied the wife, "and the chambermaid knows no more of cooking a dinner than the man in the moon."

"Couldn't she have done it under your direction?" inquired the husband, very coolly.

"Under *my* direction! Goodness! I should like to see a dinner cooked under my direction!"

"Why so?" asked the husband in surprise. "You certainly do not mean that you cannot cook a dinner!"

"I certainly do then," replied his wife. "How should I know anything about cooking?"

The husband was silent, but his look of astonishment perplexed and worried his wife.

"You look very much surprised," she said, after a moment or two had elapsed.

"And so I am," he answered—"as much surprised as I should be at finding the captain of one of my ships unacquainted with navigation. Don't know how to cook, and the mistress of a family! If there is a cooking-school anywhere in the city go to it and complete your education, for it is deficient in a very important particular."

We need not speak of the result, except to say that it was good. But we ask the reader if this young wife was more of a lady for not knowing how to cook a dinner? Would it not have

been far more commendable in her to have been able to cook at such a time of necessity? If it is a woman's mission to be mistress of the family, then it is her business to know how to wash, and cook, and sew. Is a captain qualified to guide a ship, if he is ignorant of navigation? Is a man prepared to manage a large mercantile establishment, if he has not learned the merchant's business? Would a college faculty welcome a man to the professorship of Greek, who had never studied it? Then what shall we say of a female, who occupies the place of mistress of the family, without knowing how the work thereof should be done? We say it is a dishonour to her. She is less a lady for this inexcusable ignorance.

Madame Roland could prepare her husband's meals with her own hands, and at night delight the most literary company of France by her brilliant powers. Mrs. Washington, the mother of the General, always attended to her domestic affairs, even in the presence of the most distinguished guests. Lafayette paid her a visit before his departure for Europe, in the fall of 1784. He was conducted to her mansion by one of her grandsons. "There, sir, is my grandmother," said he, as they approached the house. Lafayette looked up and saw, at work in the garden, "clad in domestic-made clothes, and her gray head, covered with a plain straw hat, the mother of his hero." She gave Lafayette a cordial welcome, observing—"Ah, Marquis! you see an old woman—but come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling, without the parade of changing my dress." Mrs. Martha Washington, the wife of the General, was no less distinguished for her management of household affairs. She was "a good seamstress, a good cook, and a good mother." She understood every department of domestic labour, and was ever ready to do what circumstances required.

No girl can become a true lady without a knowledge of household duties. Whatever may be her literary proficiency, and her social qualities, without the ability to do house work, if necessity demand, her education is defective. A young girl was presented to James I., as a prodigy in literary attainments. The person who introduced her boasted that she understood the ancient languages. "I can assure your Majesty," said he, "that she can both speak and write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew." "These are rare attainments for a damsel," said James; "but *can she spin?*" She might be familiar with the lore of ages, but without a knowledge of household duties she lacked an important acquisition. So we ask of the richly-attired and accomplished young woman who can read French, thumb the piano, and move bewitchingly in fashionable company, *can she do housework?* If she cannot, she is not a model lady.

"There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest;
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life.
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet."

The True Woman.

WHY I ATTEND THE FRENCH CATHOLIC CHURCH, IN PARIS.

BY COLONEL HARRIOTT.

[Those churches are now called the Universal Christian Alliance Churches.]

1.—Because the French Church rejects all human creeds and articles of faith, and follows invariably the Bible: and because the words of our Lord Jesus Christ and his apostles are its only rule of faith and conduct.

2.—Because the doctrine of the French Church may be expressed by the words of Jesus and his apostles alone, without addition or gloss. Whence it is evidently more conformable to Holy Scripture.

"This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the Only True God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."—John xvii. 3.

3.—Because, at the French Church, I am not led to think that those who do not believe in the doctrine of that church "must without doubt perish everlastingly;" and because I am there continually exhorted to "live in charity with all men."

4.—Because, in that same Church, I am at full liberty to judge for myself, and to follow my conscience and my reason, without being exposed to the least censure.

"One is your master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren."—Matt. xxiii. 8.

5.—Because it is easy for me to comprehend the doctrine taught in the French Church; which gives no assent to anything that is contrary to reason,

"Why even of your own selves judge ye not what is right."—Luke xii. 57.

6.—Because it is our advantage and duty to practise the worship of One God, the Father, according to the instructions of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"When ye pray, say, Our Father, etc."—Matt. vi. 9; Luke xii. 2.

7.—Because, at the French Church, I can follow the example of Christ, which ought to be our model in all things, even in the worship of One God, the Father, without intermixing in my devotions a "God the Son," a "God the Holy Ghost," a "holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity," a "Three Persons in One God," a "Sacred Three," or a "Holy Mother of God, the Virgin Mary;" for the worship of whom I find no commandment in the Bible.

8.—Because, in the hymns and songs of the French Church, I am not continually offended by expressions, which seem equally incompatible with reason and holy scripture: and because the Almighty Eternal God is not represented to me, sometimes as a feeble infant on its mother's knees, sometimes as dying to expiate the wrath of a Supremely good God; nor is it ever said, as in the Romish Church:

This infant is the mighty God,
Come to be suckled and ador'd.

Because, in fine, one would blush to teach there, that "God died to expiate original sin."

9.—Because, at the French Church, I hear Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified, preached as "the Christ, the Son of the Living God;" and not as God who died and was buried, and rose again from the dead. The Apostle Paul, in his Epistle to the Romans, announces that "it is Christ that died" (c. viii. 34); and moreover "that Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. xv. 3).

10.—Because the French Church teaches the doctrine of the True Grace of God; whose favour cannot be merited or purchased by mankind; which is quite conformable to the Holy Scripture.

"The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."—Rom. vi. 23.

11.—Because, in the French Church, God is spoken of, according to the Scriptures, as a Being who is infinitely wise, just, and good; as the Father of all: everything which is there attributed to Him, is compatible with infinite Wisdom, Justice, and Goodness; in harmony with His character as the Father of all, and with this maxim "God is Love."

12.—Because there the crucified Jesus is considered as exalted to the dignity of Saviour and Judge of the world, in reward of his obedience and perfect righteousness.

"He humbled himself, and became obedient, even unto death—therefore God hath highly exalted him."—Philip ii. 8.

13.—Because there the Gospel is acknowledged to be the ministration of the Spirit of God.

"How shall not the ministration of the Spirit be much more glorious?"—2 Cor. iii. 8.

14.—Because there the necessity of personal holiness is really felt: the spirit of Christ, and his exemplary life, are facts essential to true Christianity.

"If any man have not the true spirit of Christ, he is none of his."—Rom. viii. 9.

15.—Because there a future and just retribution is preached; that every man will be judged according to what he hath done, and not according to what he hath not done; and that our future condition is determined, not by an arbitrary and irresistible decree, but according to our actions.

"Then he will render to every man according to his works."—Matt. xvi. 27.

16.—Because there I am instructed to think of human nature, as being the work of God; and to love all men as my brethren.

"For we are also His offspring."—Acts xvii. 29.

17.—Because the Gospel preached by the French Church is conformable to the light of reason, within the reach of all, and consequently agreeable to the sentiment of religion given by our Lord himself, when he calls it a revelation to babes, and suited to the poor.

18.—Lastly, because at the same time that the Gospel is thus preached at the French Church in its simplicity, its evidences and its truth are maintained with an energy and efficacy which I can attribute to nothing but the most faithful use of the means which God has given for the understanding of its doctrines.

HILLEL AND MAIMON.

THE wise Hillel had a disciple named Maimon, and Hillel rejoiced in the good understanding and natural gifts of the youth. But after a time, he heard that Maimon trusted too much to his own wisdom, and entirely gave up prayer. For the youth spake in his heart, "For what end is prayer? Hath the Almighty need of our *words* to help us, and bestow His blessing? Then would He be a child of man. Can the supplications and sighing of man change the decrees of the Eternal? Will not the All gracious vouchsafe us of Himself what is good and needful?" Thus thought the youth. But Hillel was troubled in his soul that Maimon esteemed himself wiser than the Holy Word, and he purposed in himself to instruct him. And it came to pass upon a day that Maimon went to him, as Hillel sat in his garden, his head bent upon his hand.

Thereupon Hillel lifted up his head, and spake in these words: "Behold I have a friend, who lives upon the fruit of his ground, which he heretofore has tilled with care, so that it has yielded to him a rich reward for his labours. But now has he drawn away his hand from the plough, and cast aside his hoe, and gives up his field to the bramble and thistle. Thus he will become poor, and suffer want."

"Has a spirit of vexation overcome him, or has he lost his understanding?" asked the youth.

"Neither the one nor the other," answered Hillel. "He has been well brought up in the knowledge of things divine and human, and is of a pious mind. But he says, 'The Lord is Almighty, therefore can He grant me food easily, without my head bowing down to labour; and He is good, therefore will He bless my table, and open His gracious hand;' and how can that be gainsaid?"

"How!" said the youth: "is not that tempting God? Hast thou not said so, Rabboni?"

"*Thou*, my beloved Maimon, art the friend of whom I speak.'"

"I!" answered the youth, and shuddered within himself.

But the old man answered and said, "Temptest thou not also the Lord? Is prayer less than labour, and the holy gift less than the fruit of the field? And He who calls thee to bow thy head to the ground for earthly toil, is He not the same who calls thee to raise thy head to heaven to receive the heavenly blessing? O, my son, be humble, believe, and pray!"

Thus spake Hillel, and looked up to heaven. But Maimon went his way, and prayed, and lived hereafter a godly life.—*From the German.*

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

VIRTUE AND VICE.—He who finds pain in virtue, and pleasure in vice, is a novice in one and the other.

ADVENT.—A clergyman being asked what his people thought of the Second Advent, replied that he had never succeeded in convincing them of the First Advent, and had not thought best to inquire into their opinions on the Second.

AN OPEN REBUKE.—A distinguished minister seeing a poor woman tottering up one of the aisles of his church, waiting in vain for one of his congregation to offer her a seat, he paused in his sermon, descended from the pulpit, and showed her into his own pew.

ONLY ONE GOD.—A little boy, upon asking his mother how many Gods there were, was instantly answered by his younger brother, "Why, one to be sure." "But how do you know that?" inquired the other. "Because," he replied, "God fills every place, so that there is no room for any more."

TOO SINFUL FOR COMPANIONSHIP.—A Methodist and Quaker, having stopped at a public-house, agreed to sleep in the same bed. The Methodist kneeled down, prayed fervently, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. After he arose, the Quaker observed, "Really, friend, if thou art as bad as thou sayest thou art, I think I dare not sleep with thee."

NEARER TO GOD.—One day a little girl, about five years old, heard a preacher of a certain denomination praying most lustily, till the roof rang with the strength of his supplications. Turning to her mother and beckoning the maternal ear within speaking distance, she whispered, "Mother, don't you think that if he lived nearer God he wouldn't have to talk so loud?"

MOVING ON.—The editor of the *Religious Encyclopædia*, in his article on the Millennium, argues that more will be saved than lost. Dr. Beecher compares hell to a state prison, and exclaims, "Who ever heard of a prison containing half of the community!" Professor McGuff compares hell with heaven as a grain of sand on the sea shore with the whole earth; while Professor Miller exclaims that hell is a mere point in the universe. That certainly is next to nothing.

A FRENCH VIEW OF WAR.—M. E. Girardin, in his new pamphlet, thus defines war. War is murder; war is robbery. It is robbery and murder taught and commanded by Governments to the people; it is robbery and murder proclaimed, blazoned, dignified, and crowned; it is robbery and murder without punishment and shame, with impunity and glory; it is robbery and murder rescued from the scaffold by the arch of triumph; it is legal absurdity, for it is society commanding what it prohibits, and prohibiting what it commands, recompensing what it punishes, and punishing what it recompenses, glorifying what it brands, and branding what it glorifies. The fact is the same; the name alone is different.

A BEAUTIFUL REPLY.—A correspondent writes: I was showing my little daughter, Carrie, five years old, an engraving representing Mothers pushing their children towards Jesus when he held one of their number in his arms. "I wouldn't be pushed to Jesus, mamma," she said, with beautiful earnestness, as I said to her, "That's the way I would do with you, Carrie, if I had been there." "I wouldn't want to be pushed, I'd go to him without pushing." This little one had caught the spirit of the Gospel, "I will draw all men unto me." We have had too much pushing to Jesus.

A REPULSE.—The *Caernarvon Herald* relates that the Bishop of Bangor, while on his friendly visiting excursions, accompanied by a beneficed clergyman, entered the house of an humble cottager, when the following colloquy took place: *Clergyman:* John Jones, I have called to introduce the Lord Bishop to you. *Bishop* (taking him cordially by the hand): How do you do, John Jones? I hope you are in good health? *John Jones:* Thank you, my lord, I am very well in health, and as comfortable as labouring men generally are. Mr. — has been good enough to introduce your lordship: perhaps your lordship will be good enough to introduce him to me, for I never saw him in my house before.

DUELLING.—Mr. Blount sent Mr. Thatcher a challenge to duel; the following model answer of a married man was returned. "Give my respectful compliments to Mr. Blount, and tell him he cannot have a definite answer to his note to-day. Let him be patient a short time, till I can write to Portland and receive an answer. I always consult my wife on matters of importance, well knowing that she is a better judge of family affairs than myself. If she consents to take the choice of becoming a widow, or having her husband hanged for murder, I certainly will fight Mr. Blount. Tell him not to be in a hurry; it will take more than three weeks to receive her election."

CASH *versus* CONSCIENCE.—A person who gave evidence before the Gloucester Election Commissioners, said Beaumont (an elector) was away, but his wife took him into a room, declaring that she would "tell him all about it." She then said, "You yellows are a shabby lot. Our principles are yellow, but you are too crabby about your money. If you had given us anything likely we would have voted for you." She said the "blues" had been, and counted down £36 on the table for her husband's vote. He said at first it was against his conscience; but she replied, "Never mind your conscience; put that into your pocket, and see whether you like that or your conscience best."

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